

**SOUTH ELIOT**

South Eliot, March 18.

The whist club was entertained on Friday evening by Mrs. L. P. Foster at her home on Bolt Hill road.

Mrs. Samuel Reese has been ill with the grip.

The Ladies' Circle connected with the Advent Church met with Mrs. Sarah R. Staples on Thursday last.

G. Suel Ramsburg of Somersworth was a visitor in town on Friday.

Rev. Alexander Dixon of Newburyport occupied the pulpit of the Advent Church on Sunday.

Miss Clara Hanscom of Portsmouth was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Dixon, on Saturday.

Samuel Reeve was in Concord on business last week.

Miss Inez J. Remick is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Fernald of Worcester, Mass.

Walter C. Cole has gone to Conway, where he has obtained employment.

Frank W. Knight of Portsmouth was in town on Sunday.

The Eliot Dramatic Club gave the drama, "Among the Breakers," at Newington Town Hall on Friday evening.

Chester Welch has been visiting friends in Portsmouth for the past few days.

Capt. Albert Hurst visited his brother, John Hurst, at Kittery Point on Sunday.

George Wallace of Portsmouth was the guest of relatives in town on Sunday.

Mrs. Charles McPhail of Somerville, Mass., passed Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard F. Dixon.

Miss Annie Spinney has returned to her employment in Portsmouth after an illness of several weeks.

Mrs. Olivia Hutchings of Portland arrived Saturday for a visit to her mother, Mrs. Serena Brooks.

**THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW**

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, March 18.—Cloudy weather, with some rain and variable winds are indicated for Tuesday.

Never can tell when you'll mash finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.

**BABY CARRIAGE**  
**(DEPARTMENT.)**


# GO-CARTS.

Yes, we have a large line of them.  
Our assortment is now at its best and you  
can have several styles to select from.

We have devoted a large space on  
our floor to show these goods.

Collapsible Buggy, will fold to go in suit case,  
at.....\$ 7.50

Hood Cart, Leather Top, Oak Finish, like cut,  
at..... 11.98



Hood Cart, sliding top, strap spring, at.....	18.00
1 Lot Reclining Backs at.....	6.75
1 " " " " .....	7.75
1 " " " " .....	8.25

And others up to \$16.00, all complete and with  
Pads and Parasols.

1 Lot Folding Go-Carts at..... 1.68

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## The Portsmouth Furniture Co.,

Cor. Vaughan and Deer Streets.



## CALENDAR OF SPORTS

## Some Events of Interest Scheduled for This Week

## Monday

Crescent City Jockey Club begins its final meeting of the season at New Orleans.

Opening of annual golf tournament at Ormond, Fla., to continue three days.

Amateur court tennis championship opens at Tennis and Racquet Club, Boston.

Athletic meet of Connecticut Naval Battalion at New Haven, Conn.

Opening of automobile and power boat show at Providence, R. I.

## Tuesday

Flat racing season opens in England with the Lincolnshire Handicap.

## Wednesday

Schedule meeting of Central League at Evansville, Ind.

Pacific coast amateur boxing championships at Spokane, Wash.

## Thursday

Basketball championships under auspices of the Evanston (Ill.) Y. M. C. A.

Annual indoor games at Princeton University.

## Friday

Intercollegiate gymnastic championships at University of Pennsylvania.

Kansas City Athletic Club handicap games at Kansas City, Mo.

Jack Johnson of Topeka vs. "Big Jim" McCormick, fifteen rounds, at Omaha, Neb.

Charlie Neary vs. George Memsie, ten rounds, at Milwaukee, Wis.

## Saturday

Crescent City Derby will be run at New Orleans.

Opening of the college baseball season in the East and South.

Cable chess match for the Isaac L. Rice trophy between Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard, Columbia, Yale and Princeton.

## THE MAGAZINES

## Harper's

The opening article in Harper's Magazine for April is Captain Roald Amundsen's personal narrative of how he discovered the north magnetic pole, and how he sailed his little ship through the Northwest Passage from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific.

An article on Richmond, by Charles Henry White, illustrated by views etched by himself and printed in tint, is an attractive feature. An article of value and of exceptionally curious interest is one by Henry Oidys, on the "Music of Man and Bird."

Fascinating descriptions of court life and the distinguished people of half a century ago are given in an article by Madame de Bunsen, nee Waddington, on "First Glimpses of Diplomatic Society." Another article in the notable series on "Chemistry of Commerce," by Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, is an important feature of the magazine. This article is on "The Making of Medicines."

An article of fascinatingly picturesque interest is that on "The Home of the Holy Grail"—the Abbey of Montserrat—by Havelock Ellis. Sir Gilbert Parker's great novel, "The Weavers," continues, with vivid and ever-increasing interest. There are unusually good short stories by Lawrence Mit, James Branch Cabell, Muriel Campbell Dyer, Clara Benedict, Lily Young and Harrison Rhodes, and a delightfully humorous story by Marie Manning.

## Harper's Weekly

The current issue of Harper's Weekly, dated March 16, is a special sixty-page automobile number, of remarkable interest and variety of contents. All who are interested in any way in motoring affairs—and few are not, in some degree—will find much to engage their attention in this number. Among the many persons prominent in the automobile world who have contributed to the issue are Colonel Albert A. Pope, who writes of "Good Roads and the Nation's Prosperity"; Dave H. Morris, former president of the Automobile Club of America, who writes of "The Legislative Needs of the Motorist"; E. R. Thomas, of Buffalo, who outlines "The Future Development of the American Automobile"; and Major and Superintendent of Police at Washington, Richard Sylvester, who has some cogent things to say of "The Selfishness of City Speeding." There are several technical papers of value and importance. "The Modern Air-plan Way for the Motorist" is a description of the projected automobile parkway on Long Island. In addition to these articles, the number is copiously illustrated with new photographs and drawings. The cover is an attractive painting in three colors.

## COUNTY GETTING GOED

From present indications the criminal docket for the April term of

court, will be especially light this year. There are but few prisoners at the jail in this city, and at one time there were only two, both trustees. This is the smallest number since Sheriff Collis has been in office.

## FUN REIGNED SUPREME

"The Isle of Spice" Created Gales of Laughter at Music Hall

Dainty Leslie Leigh returned to Portsmouth on Saturday in that merry, tuneful production, "The Isle of Spice" and once more captivated large audiences at Music Hall. She sang her famous song, "Peggy Brady," with all the charm which characterized her former rendition of it and again repeated encores testified to the delight of her hearers.

With Miss Leigh was John Mylle, who as Bompoka, sixty-seventh king of Nicobar, scored one of the comedy hits of the season at the local playhouse. There were also W. J. McGraw and Jack Leslie, who created roars of laughter by their funny antics in their respective roles of Micky Grady and Slubby Mackinaw, deserters from the United States ship Roosevelt.

"The Isle of Spice" is rich in comedy and the principals of the company which appeared at Music Hall on Saturday presented the humorous features of the extravaganza admirably. From the moment of the ceremonious appearance of Micky and Slubby until the final fall of the curtain, there were things doing and most of them were funny. "The Isle of Spice" is intended to amuse and its authors were eminently successful in attaining their object.

The piece was splendidly mounted by Manager B. C. Whitney, some of the effects being among the most attractive seen here. This is particularly true of the stage pictures at the close of each act. The costumes of the members of the chorus were, without exception, beautiful.

The following took the principal parts in the piece:

Bompoka, 67th King of Nicobar, John Mylle  
Lieut. Harold Kitchell of the U. S. S. "Roosevelt," Bert Walawright

Micky McGraw, deserter from the U. S. S. "Roosevelt," W. J. McGraw

Slubby Mackinaw, his faithful companion, Jack Leslie

Kashon, an unfortunate Court Treasurer, Harry Griffith

Konner, his jealous brother, F. Charles Deagon

Teresa, the King's ward, Leslie Leigh

Kamorta, a queen whose lease has almost expired, Minnie Chamberlain

Asbena, the ex-Empress of Nicobar, Blanche Holt

Trinket, on a long lease as queen, Bessie Hamilton

Mother Witch, Marguerite de Santo

Young Cupid, Viola Macoy

## PAY OF ISTHMIAN COMMISSIONERS

Rear Admiral Rousseau Detached, Bureau Yards and Docks

Washington, D. C., March 16.—President Roosevelt by Executive order fixed today the salaries of the three new members of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The salary of Major Selbert, Major Galliard, the army officers and Rear Admiral Rousseau, the naval member of the commission, are fixed at \$14,000 and each one is given a house at Panama in which to live. While away from Panama their actual expenses will be paid by the government.

Rear Admiral Rousseau has been ordered detached from the Bureau of Yards and Docks, to which he was appointed but a few months ago. This will leave a vacancy for which there are many candidates including Civil Engineer Parks of this yard.

## FIVE CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. No.

## LOCAL DASHES

An interesting program has been arranged for the next meeting of Alpha Council Royal Arcanum on Wednesday evening.

The Portsmouth Yacht Club has a smoke talk on Tuesday evening, at which Frank Goodwin will be the chief attraction.

The Meadow Brook Golf club of Concord, has voted to unite with the New Hampshire association, to hold the annual championship in that city next September.

## HAVE JOINED THE SQUAD

Graham and Schindler, the basketball stars, have joined the Dartmouth baseball squad.

## WHEN LOVE WAS A SCHEMER

By JENNIE M. CHENERY

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"It's a great disappointment to us all, Louise, but I suppose arguing is useless. A headstrong girl will take no advice."

"Now, mother, that's very unkind. I'm sure that one ought not to be scolded for listening to the dictates of conscience," responded a laughing voice.

"Conscience—fiddlesticks!" retorted Mrs. Allison sharply. "It's only because your head is filled with these new-fangled notions about the independence of woman and the tyranny of man, and such rubbish. Two or three years ago you were glad enough to consider yourself engaged to the most likely young fellow in the county," and she gave a disdainful sniff.

"Well, what could be expected of a girl of seventeen?" demanded Louise, a little defiantly. "Since then a college education has altered my views of life; marriage does not seem so inevitable and necessary as it did in those days. Why should a woman surrender her liberty and her ambitions to become the victim of a man's caprice, perhaps ill temper, when out in the busy world there are countless opportunities for her to carve her own way in life?"

"When I was young," Mrs. Allison retorted with scornful dignity, "girls married for love, and were proud and happy to help along all they could to make home comfortable. They didn't have time to hunt for tyranny. Your father and I never had a chance to get an education and I've always said that you should have every advantage we could afford, but if a college course has only given you these foolish ideas I'm sorry you ever went away from home."

"I think you are very unjust, mother," cried the girl indignantly. "When I only desire to make the most of my life. Before I went to college I did consider myself bound by the engagement which you and Mrs. Whitney planned when Nell and I were children, but now it is very different. When his lordship came home this summer—a full-fledged lawyer—he conceitedly imagined that I would immediately fall into his arms, and he is not inclined to accept his dismissal at all gracefully, but I have plainly told him that love and marriage have no interest for me."

"Nell is not contented," responded Mrs. Allison, "but I suppose he never dreamed of doubting your constancy. I believe Nell is coming now," she continued anxiously. "Do treat him with common politeness, anyway; he deserves that much," and she hurriedly retreated.

He was a good looking fellow, with earnest, dark brown eyes and a lovely mouth, but Louise was proof against such superficial attractions and she greeted him with studied dignity.

"I've come for my final answer, Louise, dear," he said gently. "Forgive me if I seem abrupt, but—well, I couldn't stand the suspense."

"You seem to ignore the fact that I gave you my decision several days ago," rejoined the girl stiffly. "You are very unreasonable to refuse to take a denial," and she frowned a little.

"Perhaps I am," he assented, with passionate earnestness, "but Louise, I can't give up so easily. You must surely understand how I feel. For years I have dreamed of you and of the happy life before us, and now—now you crush my hopes as coolly as you would destroy a colubine."

"I am so sorry that you think me merely heartless," she answered slowly. "I only claim the right—which surely is every woman's heritage—to live my life in my own way. Why should I surrender my freedom, all the joys of an independent career, for the lower level of a mere housekeeper? There are plenty of girls without ambition; choose one of them."

She spoke decisively, but there was a strange pain at her heart as Nell arose and looked down upon her with a grave, sad face.

"If you feel like that about marriage, Louise," he said quietly, "then you are right in saying that you are ignorant of the meaning of love."

He hesitated a moment, then added: "I almost forgot that Grace wants you to come over this afternoon and stay to tea. My friend, Hob Gordon, came down this morning."

Louise meditated a moment, then shook her head. "I'm awfully sorry, Nell, but I can't go. Father and mother are going to the city, the girl is out for a holiday, and I must stay at home. Besides, I am preparing a paper for 'The Universe' and must finish it today."

As the young man walked home, plunged in gloomy reflections, a sudden idea flashed through his mind and he hurried homeward with feverish haste, pondering excitedly on the wild plan which had taken root in his imagination.

The paper for "The Universe" did not progress very rapidly that afternoon. Louise was tired and nervous and the unwonted stillness of the house cast a strange sense of depression over her spirits. She remembered that tramps were common in the neighborhood, and she was conscious of a thrill of fear.

After several futile efforts to compose her mind and the essay Louise was forced to own herself vanquished by the uncanny silence of the house, and, with a sigh of impatience, she

abandoned her work and fearfully fled to the more pleasant vantage ground of the front porch.

When she re-entered the kitchen a gay little song was on her lips, but it died away in a cry of terror as she caught sight of an alarming apparition standing in the center of the room. Her senses reeled as she gazed at him—a hideous, dirty tramp, with an insolent smile on his ugly face.

"I say," he growled, "stop that noise! And see here, the old man has got a pot of money here somewhere, and you've got to get it this minute. Hurry up now!"

"Money," she whispered hoarsely, "there is none. I—I—" then, as he advanced fiercely, she gave a frantic scream that echoed wildly through the silent house.

For a long, terrible moment she seemed floating in the dark mist of a frightful nightmare; then, as from a great distance, she heard the sound of rushing feet and like a whirlwind Nell burst into the room. The tramp turned upon him, revolver in hand, but the young man, heeding it not, sprang upon his evil looking opponent and dragged him, struggling and cursing, out upon the porch, and Louise knew no more.

When she opened her eyes she was lying on the couch in the sitting room with Nell standing beside her, his handsome face grave with anxiety, and—could she have read it aught—contrition.

"Where is he?" she murmured, shuddering.

"I fear that he has escaped," answered the young man, coloring slightly. "I saw you fall and forgot all about him."

For a long time she lay there, thinking vaguely how the erstwhile dreary room was glorified by her companion's presence—but he at last broke the silence.

"You do not need me now," said he, a little wistfully. "Perhaps I had better go."

Then she raised her eyes to his while a lovely flush flamed into her pale face.

"No," she whispered softly, "you need not go unless you wish, Nell, dear. I'm tired of being independent."

Hob Gordon was best man at the wedding. Perhaps if the bride had known that he was the star of the college dramatic club with a special talent for tramp and burglar parts there might have been no wedding—but, then, she was happy in her ignorance, and Cupid reigned supreme.

## DECOYS "RATTLER" WITH MILK

Reptile Discovered Coiled Up on a Sleeping Ranchman's Breast.

Denver, Col.—After a hard day's riding in search of several head of cattle, the foreman of our ranch and myself had stopped at the Circle S ranch for the night. The ranch house was pretty well filled, but we were content to bunk on the kitchen floor rather than on the open prairie, where the rattlesnakes were numerous in that section of the country. Accordingly, about nine o'clock we turned in, and I soon was blissfully dreaming of fording a stream and hearing the hiss and sizzle of the water about the horse's legs.

The hissing seemed rather realistic, and slowly I became conscious of the fact that the hissing was not part of my dream, but was emanating from a large rattler, which, by the moonlight streaming through the window full upon me, I could discern through my half-closed eyes, coiled on my chest, his wicked flat head swiveling monotonously from side to side, much after the fashion of an elephant swinging his trunk.

I had heard stories in plenty about this sort of an occurrence, and knew better than to try to dislodge the reptile, as the slightest move on my part would anger him into striking, and a bite in the face from one of these poisonous pests meant death, so I could only lie perfectly motionless and await developments. How long I lay this way, with the snake's head eyes swiveling not eight inches from my face, I only can surmise, but it seemed to my agonized senses an age. Then, after a time the strain was broken by a slight sound in the direction of where the foreman lay, but I dared not even open my eyes wide enough to discern his movements lest the action, slight as it might be, should provoke the reptile into striking.

A moment later I heard a smothered exclamation, which told me that the foreman was aware of my predicament. Knowing that any move on my part might terminate fatally, he quietly rose to his hands and knees and stealthily crawled from the room, returning shortly with a saucer of milk, which he placed on the floor and silently withdrew.

Then I realized his plan, which was to attract the snake from its present uncertain position, thus giving him a chance to put an end to its existence. The snake's movement became slower and slow until presently it ceased altogether, and I could feel its body slowly uncoil and slip to the floor. Not knowing how far the reptile had progressed, I could only await some signal from my companion, which came presently when I heard the crack of a whip and knew that the foreman's old trick of snapping off a snake's head with his long quirt had resulted successfully.

## Never!

Patience—Do you suppose women will ever be placed on the same footing as men?

Patience—No; I don't think she will ever be willing to wear a pair of No. 9 shoes.—Youkers Statesman.

## MUSIC HALL - - SPECIAL!

Triumphant Return  
THURSDAY NIGHT, MARCH 21.

The Will J. Block Amusement Co.'s Big, Brilliant Production of

## COMING THRO' THE RYE!

With Its Superb Organization of 80 Artists.

## SAME STAR CAST.

Frank Lalor,  
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John Park,  
Frank Doane,  
Wm. Riley Hatch,  
Alma Youlin,  
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Florence Townsend.

SAME BRIGHT AND STUNNING ENSEMBLE.

IS COMING BACK INTACT AND ALL PORTSMOUTH IS HAPPY IN CONSEQUENCE.

Seat Sale Tuesday

## SAME LAVISH SETTINGS.

"The Girl With The White Horse"  
The Gee Gee Girls  
The Fiji Girls  
The Pony Ballet  
The Tiny Tigers  
The Newport Belles

AND THE OTHER "GIRL" FEATURES.

PRICES --- 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

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"My father had been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."

Best for The Bowels  
Cascarets  
CANDY CATHARTIC  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Painless, Potent, Taste Good, No Food, Never Sickens, Weakens or Gries, No Drowsiness, Never Sold in Bulk. The genuine tablets stamped O.C.U. Dissolved in water or your morning tea.  
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, N.Y. 58  
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

Disease and Health  
REVIVO  
RESTORES VITALITY  
"Made a Well Man of Me."

THE GREAT  
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produces fine results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood and vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unites one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures but starts at the seat of disease, but is not gross. It cures the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. It wards off approaching disease. Insist on having REVIVO. No other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$5.00 per package, or six for \$25.00. We give free advice and counsel to all who wish it with guarantee. Circulars free. Address: VITAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE  
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Is open to the people of New England and the World to inspect its plant and to see the actual workings of an Up-To-Date Brewery.

There is no manufacturing industry in the world where greater care is used in the preparing of an article for human consumption than in the Brewing of the

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CLEANLINESS AND PURITY OF PRODUCT HAS MADE THE ALES FROM THIS BREWERY THE ENVY OF ALL COMPETITORS.

The Secret of "How to Brew an Ale Equal to the Frank Jones Brand" has never been attained.

Read The Herald And Keep Posted



## APART.

The whispering wind is full of sighs,  
Day wastes its weary length; dear heart,  
The light, drifts from the summer skies  
We are apart.

O friend of mine! to you a greeting,  
Cross endless miles, that 'twixt us roll;  
How distant seems the land now keeping  
My heart's best soul!

I pass our old accustomed haunts,  
Consumed with memories as I go,  
Throughout the day your absence haunts  
Me like a foe.

But far away, if yet I hold  
Possession of your strong, true heart,  
Life's joys for me will still unfold,  
Each hour impart.

A deeper meaning than the last,  
"All days of separation end,  
And weary waitings over past,  
O loyal friend!"

Entreat the ingenuous heart that waits,  
The languid summer quick depart,  
Bid time put on swift wings of haste;  
We are apart.

—Marela Davies, in Boston Budget.

## The Courtship of Bubbles

Tale of One Devoted to His Profession

MY FRIEND, Bobby Bubbles, the reporter for the Daily Steam Whistle, had never had anything to say in praise of poets. He, a practical newspaper man, who sees things as they are, and then simply photographs with his pen, so to speak, has no use for poetical coloring.

But since the affair with Dora Potter he absolutely hates poets. For the poet Crane is to blame for the whole misfortune, according to Bubbles' view.

It began in a most harmless way, just like the Chicago fire and other disasters. On one of those moist, sticky, summer days Bubbles was sitting in the restaurant of Mayer & Mayer devouring his luncheon. "I purposely do not say I ate his lunch. He did not eat, but devoured, because he was always afraid that something might be happening somewhere without his knowing it."

"Ah, Bubbles, how are you?" said a voice suddenly. "Will you allow me?" and Crane, the poet, seated himself without more ado at the same table. He had just received ten dollars for a poem, and thought he would celebrate. "You are in bad spirits, my dear Bubbles."

"Heavens, yes. The change of weather, and nothing doing, nothing at all!" "Why don't you go into the country, old fellow? Take a two weeks' vacation and come with me. I am going to Mamaronag, in the Schanzung mountains. Oh, you ought to see it!"

And between the chicken and the stewed pears he pictured the delights of Mamaronag as only a poet could. Bubbles could really hear the trees rustling and the birds singing, and he smelled the spicy mountain air.

"I guess you are right," said Bubbles, as he stirred his coffee and collected his strength. "Well, I will leave of absence and go with you. We can drive together, row, fish, shoot, but don't ask me to write poetry. I draw the line at that."

The business manager of the Daily Steam Whistle granted Bubbles the desired vacation with pleasure. Two days after the poet and the reporter were in Mamaronag sitting in a little snow white hotel with green window blinds and a red roof. There were only a few people in the hotel, among them a young lady, Dora Potter, a small but spirited widow of some 20 summers, who was always smiling and working on a silk necktie for some unmarried gentleman. That was her delight.

When Crane and Bubbles had registered their names in the front room, the ardent Dora appeared and looked to see what their names were, where they came from, and what they were. She suspected she might put both young men on the necktie list.

"Literary men!" she murmured, delighted. "Charming!" She had a weakness for such people.

They appeared hugely interesting to her, for they wrote of love. And was that indeed Bubbles, of the Daily Steam Whistle, the famous Bubbles, who had accomplished unheard-of journalistic feats? Who had been a hansom driver for two weeks in order to describe his experiences with his patrons? Who asked the Vanderbilts for a sleeping room and breakfast, whereupon they put him in the lunatic asylum, the life and work of which he described? Who served Paderevski in the hotel as a waiter, and published a most witty account of it?

Yes, it was he. This little man with the red hair and the freckles was the great Bubbles.

From now on she had only one desire, to know the man and to make him a silk necktie. The opportunity to become acquainted offered itself the next morning when he went out to the veranda.

The next day he invited her with Crane to take a walk, and on the third day she began a necktie for him. Crane was quite enthusiastic about Dora. While she was making the tie for Bubbles, Crane was composing a poem about her in which he extolled her as Venus of the necktie.

"Bubbles," said he, as they were walking through the quiet village one evening. "Bubbles, go ahead! The deuce! Such a fine woman, and money! Too! \$8,000 a year income to live on! She told me that in strictest confidence."

"Folly!" replied Bubbles. "I marry!" but he smiled as he said it. Bubbles went ahead on a shimmering, fragrant, moonlight night. The bullfrogs were singing on the banks, and the notes of "Way down upon the Swane river," floated down from a house where a troupe of minstrels were singing.

Dora sat in the boat looking at Bubbles and smiling. In the moonlight she was bewitching. It was too much for Bubbles. When they had returned to the hotel and Bubbles was on the way to his room he met Crane.

"I have gone and done it!" said Bubbles.

"Ah, I congratulate you, my dear boy," replied Crane. "And you will let medicine with you every Sunday later, will you not?"

He has made one condition. I must immediately give up my position on the newspaper. I am to look for something quieter on a magazine, or whatever suits me. She says I need not hurry, as we are independent."

"Splendid! And you agreed?" "Yes, that I did. What was I to do?"

Soon the three returned to the city. Bubbles resigned his position, to the disappointment of his employer.

"However," said the business manager of the Steam Whistle, "if you ever alter your decision, you will be welcomed by us. Hope you will enjoy your honeymoon."

So they parted. Dora was radiant. She became ardent. When she embraced Bubbles he gasped for air.

"Oh, I love you better every day, Bobby, dear," said Dora one Sunday afternoon, when they were sitting on the sofa.

And Bubbles asked himself anxiously what would become of him if that were only the beginning of her love. Would he not burn to ashes?

Just as the ardent Dora prepared for another embrace the sharp gong of the fire engine sounded in the street. Bubbles picked up his ears.

"Fire!" he said, tearing himself away from Dora and rushing to the window and looking out. "It seems to be the hotel opposite. I must go. Will return soon."

With that he gave Dora a hasty kiss and stormed down the stairs. "Being engaged to an ex-reporter has its drawbacks," sighed Dora. "It is always cropping out somewhere."

After two hours Bubbles was back. It had been splendid, this fire—eight persons burned, \$15,000 damage. One could see how he had enjoyed it. Dora hoped he would soon give this up, but it did not happen soon.

On a lovely afternoon late in the summer they were sitting happily in the little casino in the park. A sudden clatter of horses' hoofs sounded on the driveway. Then the signal whistle of a policeman.

In a moment two fiery steeds harnessed to an elegant carriage tore past. The coachman on the box was as pale as death. In the carriage sat two fine ladies clutching the sides in sheer fright. A mounted policeman followed.

"There is an accident," excuse me for five minutes, my dear."

And Bubbles halted a hansom, sprang in and pursued the runaway. A full hour poor Dora was obliged to sit and wait, her love for Bobby abating by degrees. At last he came, beaming.

"All in pieces!" he cried, out of breath. "Ran into a loaded van. One dead, three badly wounded. Policeman fell from his horse, skull smashed. Great!"

He seated himself, ordered a brandy to brace him, and related all the details. Dora reproached him.

"Oh, dear child," he laughed, "that is born in me. It is as if a hare ran past an old hunter. I will improve with time."

One evening they were on their way to the theater. All at once the cry was heard: "Stop thief! Stop thief!" and a man shot past as quick as an arrow, pursued by policemen and others.

"Here is your ticket. I will come soon," said Bubbles.

He pressed it into her hand, and, like one possessed, yelling: "Stop thief!" rushed off before Dora realized what had occurred.

"That is too crazy," said she to herself.

In the entrance she waited, but as no Bobby appeared she betook herself angrily, to her seat. Only at the beginning of the last act did he arrive.

"Forgive me," he whispered, as he let himself sink into the soft cushioned seat. "Wonderful story. Great diamond robbery. The fellow—"

"S-st!" sounded from those near by, as they scowled at Bubbles.

"Broke in through the cellar. Three necklaces every—"

"S-st! S-st!"

"\$5,000 worth. Tell you later."

Dora nudged him and he was silent. After the performance, when they were in a restaurant, she gave him a sound scolding. He promised to do better, and drank four glasses of beer to his improvement. But that was no easy matter to bring about. He was indeed hopeless.

Dora lost all pleasure in her engagement. She always feared that a fire alarm or an ambulance might destroy a kiss or an embrace and cause Bubbles to flee. Every day she grew more nervous, and when on her birthday Bubbles came three hours late to a cold dinner because he had been present at a great fight on the west side of the city, her decision was made. The day after, Bubbles received a letter from Dora which said:

"Sir: You are without doubt just as excellent a reporter as you are totally unfit for an engaged man. Return to the Daily Steam Whistle. That is your wish."

When Bubbles read the letter he scratched his red head and said: "Poor Dora! But she is right. I am no good as a fiance. If I had only not gone with Crane to Mamaronag! That poetical donkey got me into it."

Then my friend Bubbles returned to the Steam Whistle and wrote a humorous article: "What It Is to Be Engaged," while Dora began a new necktie. Translated from the German.

Would Do Away with Heroes. A gentleman who resides in Switzerland announces that he has invented an electrical contrivance which will kill off an army at a single shock. It won't do, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Where would the heroes come in?

## THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND.

Lay your parthings aside, my Little Boy Blue.

Low slinks the sun in the west,  
You've danced, and played the whole day through,  
Come, now it is time to rest.

Your little feet must be tired, I know,  
For, oh! they've been busy to-day,  
And now to the "Land of Nod" we will go,  
The Sand-man will show us the way.

And I'll hold you close in my arms, Boy Blue,  
Till the golden-fringed curtains fall,  
To cover those eyes so bright and true,  
That answer the Dream Wizard's call.

Ah, I wonder, I wonder, my Little Boy Blue,  
As after each day comes the morrow,  
What does the future hold for you,  
Will it be of joy or sorrow?

Soon the time will come for me, for you,  
When the baby ties will sever,  
How I wish I could keep my Little Boy Blue  
Forever and forever.

—Mabel F. Tuttle, in Four-Track News.

## His Little Curse

NORMAN H. CROWELL

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HE WAS a clerk—young, gay, sanguine. Her father was the president of the Passaic Cotton company, a million—old, gruff, sordid. She married him thinking herself the gainer in exchanging forever an indulgent father for a loving husband. Her father had told her never to darken his portals again. She wept, but the sunny smile and comforting arm of him dried her tears and she grew content.

They rented a little cottage and for a time the young wife was as happy as the sunshine of love could make her. Her husband, dashing and light-hearted, was to her the essence of nobility—she greeted him on his return from the store rapturously. He in his turn was equally glad in the society of his wife.

One day she discovered the pressing need of an apron—a paltry trifle. She appealed to him blithely, feeling no pang of conscience at the request to one so mainly, so generous, so just. His face colored when he heard it and his answer was a broken, hesitating one.

"I—I haven't the ready cash, sweet, I—need it right off," he said. She felt pained and looked up at him with wide eyes.

"Why—have you not that much?" she inquired.

"Did have," he mused, regretfully. "Played a hand or so last night, and—things went against me," he said, awkwardly.

"A hand?" said she, soberly.

"Yes—cards, you know. Just for fun, of course," was the lame reply.

"And—my—boy—lost?"

"Exactly. But never mind. It won't happen again and—I'll see about the apron." He spoke hurriedly, shoving her away from him to sit down behind his evening paper. She went slowly into the kitchen and as she stooped to light the fire two bright tears crept into her eyes.

The first cloud had dimmed her horizon. Supper was partaken of in silence save for an occasional dismal attempt on his part to appear gay. She never said a word and his heart smote him as he saw the bright red flush in her cheeks.

"I'm a dog," he told himself. Then he went back to his paper and listened while she attended to the dishes in the lonely little kitchen.

Next morning the sun came up bright and beaming. A robin, perched on the gatepost, sang a merry spring song that bade fair to push the load of misery off her heart. Her husband appeared fresh and gay and waved a cheery good-by as he hurried out the gate and off to his work.

The day's routine came to an end at length and he returned.

"See," he cried, "here's a dollar. I've arranged to draw one dollar every day, sweet, and its going to you to be salted down."

"Oh, Harry," she exclaimed and she smiled through tears as she threw her arms around his neck.

The reconciliation was completed and the evening was the pleasantest she had yet experienced. Harold was again her ideal and she found herself hovering about him anxious to do the little offices of kindness she felt he loved so well.

A month passed by and in the rosejar, securely hidden by the fragrant leaves, were \$30. Harold was true to his word and each day strengthened the band that held the two together. She had pardoned his failing, considering it a boyish prank. He had outgrown it, she said.

Happy indeed was the day, months later, when Harold came home and told her he had made arrangements to purchase the little cottage. She clasped her hands and half-smothered him with her kisses. He blushed and struggled fruitlessly to avoid them, disclaiming all credit. Then he explained it to her, she punctuating it frequently by sundry curmudgeons and caresses. He had asked old Curmudgeon's price on the property. Curmudgeon had demanded \$1,000. He had then offered \$800—compromised on \$900 and had paid down \$100, giving a mortgage for the balance.

"What is a mortgage, Harry?" she asked, nestling closer.

"Mortgage? Why, that's what they kick you out with if you don't pay it," he said, and they laughed at his definition, as two children would.

"Oh, Harry, I'll pay it sure," she cried, seizing his face between her palms.

"There, there, child, how's supper getting along. I'm hungry as a bear," he said, finally.

She ran out and busied herself at the preparations, while he, feeling proud of everything, settled down behind the paper.

A year passed by. The second was in the midst of its glory when the joy of the little home was made supreme. They named him Harold—she insisted upon it—and he indulgently acquiesced. To

her the world was one of golden dreams and angelic music—the prattling of the babe sent a thrill through her heart that seemed to hurt for joy. And he—well, she almost forgot him in the presence of the other. But he only smiled and went his way.

Up in the rosejar the pile of dollars was steadily growing—leaves there were few, having been sacrificed to make room for the increasing store. In another six months he was to pay off the mortgage—old Curmudgeon had refused to accept partial payment—he wanted interest. They laughed as they pictured Curmudgeon's face when he should lay down the whole \$800 in a lump and demand the deed.

The time was nearly up and the mother, between her home and husband and babe went about radiant with her joy. Her laugh grew infectious—he caught it when his day's work was done and forgot his newspaper at times.

One night the junior partner asked him to remain after work. Anxious to please, he consented—though hoping he might speedily get away homeward to her.

"You play cards some, Harold, I presume?" remarked the junior partner, insouciantly. He answered:

"Oh, no—that is, not any more," he said, flushing.

"Oh, well, that's all right, you'll help fill out a table for me, won't you?"

"—"

"Got a couple old college chums up at the hotel—be a kindness really," said the partner.

"Why—er—"

"Come on—just an hour, you know—she'll let you off for once—brace up."

He went. He blushed red as a rose when his fingers touched the cards and he knew that he trembled. His gauntling instinct told him that the men on either side were far from college chums of the junior partner's. Yet he did not shrink from them—he resolved to hold his own, at least. He loathed a retirement at this stage—he thought of his meager store of neatly folded bills in an inside pocket—and—the fever was on him.

When the hour was up he felt that he must be fully a hundred dollars to the good. He glanced at his watch—then at the junior partner, who carelessly nodded and the game went on. Etiquette demanded it.

Another hour passed—he hated to think it yet if he was not even again he had lost but slightly. At any rate, no dangerous sum, he mused.

'Twas midnight when he found himself upon his doorstep—fearing to lift the latch. His guilty conscience was lashing him like a whip of thongs—he cringed like a cur. Through his brain letters of fire were racing and staggering like drunken men—he pictured the cruel scene—how he had fought the demon—fought and succumbed—how in that last mad passion of desperation he had dashed off his written obligation covering the entire savings in her rosejar—how the junior partner had readily endorsed it—how he then had staked and lost—all.

"Is that you, Harry?" came a voice from within.

"Yes," he said, hoarsely.

The door opened softly and she stood before him.

"Why, how late, Harry—and how worn you look—what is it, love?"

"Work at the store—big shipment—nearly done up," he gasped.

She innocent thing, believed him. He felt a dagger at his heart as he uttered the lie. He flung himself on the bed and pretended to sleep. She caressed his heated brow with her soft hands and he would have shrunk from her touch as from punishment.

"My poor boy," she was saying.

Hours passed by and she slept. He lay awake, wide-eyed—staring into the darkness. He was debating a great question. After a long while he leaned over and kissed the babe. Then he lightly touched his lips to her's and lingered a single, hesitating moment. She stirred—murmured "Harry," and smiled in her dreams. He quietly arose and crept out—choking. One last pitiful glance towards her—the babe—home—and he was gone.

Three days later they dragged him out—slimy, swollen, unnatural.

He was a victim of his harmless curse.

## TO MAKE COTTON FROM PINE.

Process Discovered in Bavaria Which May Revolutionize Great Industry—Experiment Successful.

Experiments are being made in Bavaria in the manufacture of cotton out of pine wood. The method is to reduce the wood to the finest layers possible, then to subject it to a vapor process for ten hours.

The pulp is then plunged into a soda bath, where it stays 36 hours.

It is thus transformed into a kind of cellulose, to which a resistant quality is given by adding oil and gelatin. Then it is drawn out and untangled by machinery.

The process is said not to be expensive, and it is thought that if this cotton can be made of practical use Europe will be independent of America and India.

The lumens forests of Scandinavia and Germany would furnish ample material for her "cotton" supply.

## Big Profit in Mushrooms.

The growing of mushrooms for market has become an industry of considerable importance in this country. It has, however, been handicapped in its development by the fact that it was necessary to import most of the spawn, which are exceedingly difficult to grow. The department of agriculture announces that it has discovered a simple and practical method by which not only a high grade of the spawn of the cultivated mushroom, but of many of the wild varieties, may be produced. It is believed that the use of this method will obviate the necessity of importing the 2,200,000 pounds of mushrooms now get from France annually.—Rural World.

## IN ABSENCE.

"God lead thee, dear!" The sunrise light steals softly through the gray  
The dream and darkness of the night  
Are lost in perfect day.  
I smile, and whisper tenderly:  
"God lead thee, dear, away!"

"God help thee, dear!" The moonlight hour is golden, glad, and gay;  
The world smiles upward like a flower  
To meet the sun's warm ray.  
I pause and whisper earnestly:  
"God help thee, dear, away!"

"God keep thee, dear!" The sunset flush kisses the dreaming day,  
And in the wondrous joys rush  
The whole world seems to pray.  
I kneel and whisper lovingly:  
"God keep thee, dear, away!"  
—Alice E. Allen, in Good Housekeeping.

## Woman Disposes

By JOHN C. FISCHBECK

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THIS happened 20 years ago, when good Mr. Spotswood was governor of this fair province of Virginia. I was a young gallant then, and not a somewhat sluggish dolt, as I have become. And Miss, Clarendon, whom you may see knitting placidly by the window yonder, was neither elderly nor gray-haired. She was as luscious a young lass as one might wish to see, and when I saw her first, riding along a country lane on her palfrey, I felt that Cupid's arrows had wounded me once for all.

Now, this is a bit of personal history, and refers to Christmas time and stormy weather, such as sometimes happens, though but rarely, in our Virginia. There were many merry-makings in the country in those days, when the example of a pleasure-loving monarch, howbeit he dwelt across the seas, encouraged his people in all such harmless indulgences. It was at a neighbor's place, where we were enjoying a dance, not long before the beginning of the holiday season, that I made my bow to sweet Mistress Prudence Haywood. But she would have none of me, tossing her pretty head and bustling off on the arm of one of her other suitors.

I thought this a bad beginning, but reminded me of the proverb about the brave and the fair, and determined to press my suit. It chanced that her father had been an old comrade of mine in the Indian wars, and I soon found means to visit him. The old man received me cordially, and as we sat over our mugs in the comfortable wainscotted hall of his fine old dwelling, he rehearsed to me the eventful story of his campaigns. I listened with outward respect, but, as I confess with some shame, with small attention; because Mistress Prudence served us from time to time, as the mugs ran dry—talking being thirsty work—as my eyes and ears were for her alone.

I need not say that once established in the good man's graces, I was assiduous in my wooing. But Prudence put me off with the art of which every maid, however country bred, is mistress. At the end of the twelvemonth I knew no better how I stood in her estimation than I did at the beginning.

Christmas eve was approaching, and with the decline of the year came frequent storms and tremendous snows, such as the people of the village had not seen for a time longer than compassed by the memory of the oldest man amongst us. Travel was not only difficult, but perilous, and hardly a morning passed but brought tidings of distress, not rarely coupled with the news that some daring equestrian had succumbed to the cold, or been "whelped in a treacherous creek. I could not leave my lonely hall in such weather without a decent excuse, and for a week searched in vain for a reasonable pretext to dare the dangerous roads and see Prudence again. I was very much in love, and it seemed at length as though I would risk any danger, just to see her sweet face again.

At last I could no longer deny the gratification of my desire. So, saddling my horse, Dobbin, I pushed through the heavy drifts and on to Holloway hall, passing over the great stone bridge across the river which separates the two estates. I noted that the ice had accumulated perilously against the central arch of the bridge, and remarked to myself that there would be risk, and the weather moderated not, of the ancient structure collapsing before the tremendous pressure. At another time or on another mission, I might have dismounted and made an examination of the masonry, but I pushed on, assuring myself that there was no immediate peril, and that the stonework had stood 50 winters, even if none so severe as this, and would doubtless survive a few brief days of stress.

As I brushed the snow from my cloak in the porch of Holloway, I could not but feel a sense of foolishness, for having ventured on a visit at a time so evidently unpropitious. Old Master Haywood was absent, but Prudence met me at the door.

"Why, Master Clarendon," she said, smiling, "tis a rough wind that blows you hither. Shall I bid you welcome, or no?"

"As you prefer," I answered, somewhat stiffly, for I was nettled at the mockery in her eyes. "But since I come so far and by such dangerous roads, I may tell you that I have an object in doing so."

A sudden color flamed into her cheeks, and she drew back with a little exclamation, partly surprise and partly coyness—for such is the manner of girls.

"Fear not," I cried, the sight of her dear face putting to flight all the timidity of the previous moment, "all I have to say may be put in three words: 'I love you, Prudence!'"

I paused for an answer. But never a word said she. She stood there smiling.

"Marry me, my dear," I began again. "I have loved you ever since I saw you first," and then I went on to tell her how

I had seen her riding on a day near 18 months before, and then of the dance where I had first addressed her, and then of her father's long stories of old campaigns, and my inattention when she was within sight. But she interrupted me not at all; merely smiled as she listened. And when I made an end, there fell a silence between us.

"Will make no answer to my suit?" I said, finally. "Well, be it so. But I will ask again, and again, and yet again, till you tell me what I wish to hear. Sweet Mistress Clarendon that is to be, I salute you!"

"You have impudence, sir," she cried, "to take possession of me so cavalierly! I will marry whom I please, and when I please, and it will not be you. I care not at all for you!"

I was warm and snug within doors, but as I swung to saddle again, the cold struck into my bones, and the growing storm made all about black and strange. The wind had sprung up within the hour, and now whirled the snow into blinding clouds, so that my faithful horse picked his way slowly and still more slowly through the increasing drifts. My own mind was full of sad thoughts. Though I was resolved to win Prudence in the end, this did not prevent me from yielding to the deep depression of my mood. I cast the reins on Dobbin's neck and let the good beast proceed at his own sweet will.

I know not how long I had been riding, nor how far I had got on my way homeward, when my melancholy meditations were interrupted by the sound of something following me. In the noise of the wind it was impossible to distinguish clearly the direction from which these sounds proceeded; moreover, the footsteps—for such they seemed—were muffled by the snow. Nowadays I think it strange that I should have heard anything at all. But, my friends, there is a clairvoyance of the heart by means of which we have an instinctive knowledge of many things too subtle to be heard or seen with the gross bodily organs. And so it seems to me in the case I speak of; for, obeying an impulse, the cause of which I cannot even now describe to you, I suddenly caught up the reins and turned Dobbin's head against



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### For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

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MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1907

## BOSTON LOSES NOTHING

Boston is not to see "Salome" and Boston is to be congratulated. Certainly, the production in that city of the opera which New York refused to accept could do the New England metropolis no good and if what has been written of it is true it is conceivable that it might do harm.

It is gratifying to note that the American people refuse to accept an opera of the character of the one built up around the drama of Oscar Wilde. The American idea differs from the foreign on many points and it is well that it does. Americans have no desire for a holier-than-thou pose, but it is undoubtedly true that they prefer cleanliness in their books and their plays. They do not object to being shown life as it is, but they do object to the morbid imaginings of degenerate authors and musicians. They may, perhaps, have at times apparently looked with favor upon productions which might be very justly criticized, but it is significant that the greatest successes in literature and drama in this country had clean motives.

We have not seen "Salome" and can form an opinion only upon published reports, but those reports have not been of a character to lead us to look upon the opera with favor. We are confident that there are plenty of other musical masterpieces of the highest artistic quality with none of the objectionable features of the Wilde-Strauss composition which will easily satisfy all our longings for the best in music. Viewed from an idealistic standpoint, music should give us high inspirations and should appeal to the very best that is in us. It may be written merely to please, but even then it may have an uplifting influence. Music which leaves nothing but an unpleasant sensation of having wallowed in mire is really not music, at all, however perfect it may be from the standpoint of the musical critic.

## BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS

How Dowle must have scared some of his poor, deluded followers.

Queer, isn't it, that those railroad presidents so suddenly decided not to call upon Mr. Roosevelt?

England's House of Lords is in danger. If memory serves, we've heard the same thing before.

No American is anxious to use the big stick, but most of us look upon it as a mighty good thing to have on hand.

Wall street seems to regard itself as the nation, but it isn't. In truth, Wall street seems to be an evil that isn't even necessary.

If some of the opponents of ship subsidies would only tell us another way we might listen to their arguments with more patience.

Mr. Bryan, we are told, is perfectly willing to be again the candidate of the Democratic party. The gentleman from Nebraska, then, is per-

fectly sure that there is a Democratic party?

Mr. Rockefeller gets the credit for those more than princely gifts, but it seems to be pretty well established that the people make 'em all good.

Great Britain has a disarmament proposition for the conference at The Hague, but when Great Britain disarms we may expect the millennium at once.

If the forest reserve arguments resulted in no other good, they at least made the South and New England allies and it is worth a great deal to bring that about.

## OUR EXCHANGES

## Faith

All the world seems dark and dreary; Clouds have dimmed the sunlight's glow; Just a year, dear, since we parted, Yet it seems so long ago.

But I know the time is coming, When the Summer wind blows sweet;

I shall find you in the sunset, Where the gold and crimson meet. —Lillian Bennett Thompson in Success Magazine, March number.

## An Example for Youth

A lady in Harrington, Me., an inveterate user of tobacco, died Sunday at the age of 108. If she hadn't had such awful habits she might have lived to a ripe old age.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

## It's Been Up to 'Em a Long Time

The buffalo and the Rangeley Lakes have been saved and it is now up to the powers that be to save Niagara Falls and the White Mountains.—Bridford Journal.

## Modern Astronomy

A scientific weekly asks, "What do the stars mean in April?" Can't say but about June 1 they may be interpreted as follows: \* \* Batted for Parent in the third.—Portland Express.

## Simply Borrowed Dowle's Patent

After reading a sketch of the life of the late John Alexander Dowle, I have become satisfied that Theodore Roosevelt is not really the man who invented the strenuous life.—Man About Town in Lynn News.

## It Can't be Killed, for Its Right

The ship subsidy bill wasn't "talked to death" by a long shot. It is merely taking a nap until December, when it will awake refreshed and vigorous.—Concord Monitor.

## This Ought to be True, If It Isn't

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.—Our Dumb Animals.

## LADY COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT

There was an accidental shooting at Newfields Sunday afternoon, in which a young man from Somerville, John Rogers, was shot in the head. There were two ladies and a gentleman from Somerville visiting a family in the town of Newfields named Doherty, and in the afternoon they started out to have target practice. One of the ladies had a small rifle and accidentally discharged it, the shot striking Rogers in the forehead. The cartridge was of small calibre, and the bullet did not penetrate the skull.

The young man after being treated by Dr. Towle of Newmarket returned to Boston. The bullet lodged over his right temple and was extracted by a Boston surgeon.

## A \$40,000 STATION

The Boston Sunday Herald had a finely illustrated article on the Jerry's Point Life Saving crew and their \$40,000 home. The crew are occupying the Lawrence cottage, which cost over \$40,000, and from the present outlook they may have to wait until next fall before their station on Wood Island is ready.

Motor boats are being overhauled and they will be in the water early. Among the new ones will be a fine boat built this winter for Charles Palley and Delhi Spinnery.

## PORTSMOUTH FAVORITE

## Henry Clay Barnabee To Be Tendered A Benefit

AT BOSTON THEATRE NEXT FRIDAY  
 --SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

Henry Clay Barnabee, the veteran actor, will be given a benefit at the Boston Theatre on Friday afternoon, March 22, and it is expected that a great many from this city will attend.

The Barnabee testimonial promises to be the biggest that has ever taken place in Boston, for no one in comic opera is more loved throughout New England than Henry Clay Barnabee.

Mr. Barnabee, who is now seventy-three years old and incapacitated for further labor by the weakness of a recently broken leg, has been a singer, impersonator and operatic artist for over fifty years, and his name is cherished by the theatregoing world as the representative player of comic opera.

Mr. Barnabee was born at Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 14, 1833. At the age of 21 he came to Boston and went to work for C. F. Hovey and Company. He first came before the public at the Mercantile Library entertainment April 30, 1856. His appearance was made at the invitation of the declamation committee, and he chose for his selection "The Scholar of Ben Khorah."

The following year he was made a member of the committee, and for many many years was closely identified with the association.

In the early days his contributions were altogether of a serious character, and his debut as a comedian and humorist was wholly the result of an accident. An entertainment was to be given in which the comedian of the association was to take a prominent part. At a late hour word came to the committee that the comedian was ill. Rather than disappoint the audience, Mr. Barnabee consented to assume the part. He made an instantaneous success, and his career from that night was mapped out.

In 1879 the craze for "Pinafore" placed him on the professional stage as leading comedian in the Boston Ideal opera company. This organization went out of existence in 1888, and he and other members formed the Bostonians. They disbanded a few years ago, and Mr. Barnabee went into vaudeville.

It was an accident that put Mr. Barnabee on the stage, and it was an accident that forced him to abandon it. In the fall of 1904, while playing an engagement in St. Louis, he fell and fractured his knee cap. Since then he has been unable to walk.

Mr. Barnabee has a repertoire of 34 operas, but was familiarly known from ocean to ocean for his Sheriff of Nottingham in "Robin Hood."

Mr. Barnabee lost almost everything he had in the dissolution of the Bostonians. What was left has been used up in the expenses of his sickness. Like many other artists, he was generous to a fault, ever ready to use his talent for the assistance of any one who required it, and now his Boston admirers intend to prove to him the esteem and affection they hold for him.

The program arranged for the benefit is an exceptionally good one, comprising not only a large number of professional entertainers, but the members of the Market Men's Relief Association will also present their burlesque, "Saffo in Black," with which they achieved such great success at its production at Jordan Hall.

The professional talent to appear at the benefit includes Chauncey Olcott and company, the leading attractions at Keith's Theatre, the Apollo Club, Miss Hattie Williams and company, the four Melvins, Frank Monahan and members of the "Grand Mogul" company, Wallace Welford and company in the second act of "Mr. Hopkinson, Willie Edouin and the "Snow Man" company, West and Van-Sicklen, Williams and Walker, and last, but not least, Mr. Barnabee himself.

## THE THEATRICAL FOLK

## Stella Mayhew

Miss Stella Mayhew, whose delightful impersonation of Mrs. Cobb in the musical comedy, "Coming Thro' the Rye," to be seen at Music Hall next Thursday evening, is about as humorous a stage contribution as has been seen in a decade, is possessed of every attribute necessary for stellar honors and, as a matter of fact, she will be "starred" the coming season, according to her managers, the W. J. Block Amusement Company. Miss Mayhew has an excellent mezzo-soprano voice of great power and superior quality. She has a magnetic personality, is most pleasing to look upon, an adept in the art of terpsichore, her imitative powers are exceptional, and best of all is her keen sense of humor. She has an inimitable manner of delivering her lines and takes her audience into her confidence in a way that is positively delicious.

As Mrs. Cobb, the newly-rich New-



Frank Lator in "Coming Thro' the Rye."

port widow, who is trying to break into the exclusive social set, she is exceedingly funny.

## Still With Olcott

Daniel Jarrett, an actor of the old school who was for many years a member of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre stock company, who last year gave such a capital performance of Oliver Goldsmith in Chauncey Olcott's production of "Edmund Burke," has an equally congenial role in "Eileen Ashore," as Corney Delaney, Mr. Olcott's Irish retainer.

## A High Salaried Company

One of the highest salaried companies appearing in melodrama will be seen in "As Told in the Hills," which will play an engagement at Music Hall soon.

The play is one that depends on the individual merits of the members of the cast rather than on scenic effects and situations that in real life are improbable or impossible and the excellent acting of the several members of the company meets with deserved appreciation.

## THAT BRIDGE

York Again Fighting The Building Of The Bridge Across York River

The town of York has a complicated affair on its hands, in the new bridge across the York river, and the outcome promises to bother the town for some time at least.

The bridge has been contracted for, but at the town meeting held on last Monday the entire matter was indefinitely postponed. The bridge was voted at a special town meeting held last October, a snap affair, as claimed by the opposition, with the selection to have plans drawn and contracts made for the bridge at a cost not to exceed \$30,000.

The committee being in the majority, outvoted the selection, approved certain plans and asked for bids. The selection then asked for an injunction from the court, but before the hearing came around to the committee's views, the contract was awarded and the work started.

A bill was introduced at the present session of the Legislature to ratify the acts of the committee. The town meeting was approaching and it was thought that complications would arise, inasmuch as the princ-

pal articles of the town warrant were about the bridge.

These were four in all, covering all the phases of the case, and after hours of argument they were laid over. This leaves the bridge an unsettled affair, but the committee claims that the action of the town will have no effect, as its acts have been ratified by the Legislature, and the town will have to pay the bills whether it wants to or not.

## A HARD TRIP

Automobile Party From This City Find The Roads Between Boston And Portsmouth In Bad Shape

Hiram Weaver, W. H. McDonough, Augustine Dondero, Charles Towle, Harry McDaniels and Clarence Smith, came down over the road from Boston to this city, Sunday forenoon in a Maxwell touring car and a runabout. They left Boston at 6.30 and arrived in this city at 12.30; after one of the roughest trips any of the par-

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LOST—Between McDonough street and J. S. Young's residence on Lafayette road, a wallet containing money and private papers. Finder return to this office and receive reward. cm18,1w

LOST—On Tuesday, March 12, a pocket book containing B. and M. railroad pass and two keys. Finder please leave at this office. chm13,1w

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 3 Beach lots. Parties leaving town offer them at a sacrifice. C. E. Trafton, Real Estate Agent. mar17

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. chm15tf

FOR SALE—House of six rooms, 1 Manning street. Apply at 9 South street. F7he 3w

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FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. chm18tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. chm18tf

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## FOR ST. PATRICK

### His Memory Honored By Monster Parade

### PROCESSION FOR PATRON SAINT OF ERIN

### Great Company Marches Through Streets Of Manchester

### PORTSMOUTH HIBERNIANS JOIN IN AN ELABORATE CELEBRATION

Manchester, March 17—This city had a sort of monopoly of New Hampshire St. Patrick's day celebrations on Saturday. Divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians throughout the state abandoned their own observances and came to Manchester to join in what may be called a monster celebration in honor of Ireland's patron saint. It was, probably, the most elaborate observance the Granite State has ever known.

Other societies united with the Hibernians in the great parade, which was one of the longest and most pleasing ever seen in the Queen city.

Special trains brought members of the Order of Hibernians from all the cities in the state where the order has branches, together with hundreds of people who came to see the big parade and to enjoy the other festivities. It was a perfect day, so far as weather conditions were concerned, and although the streets might have been in better shape for marching they had previously been put in as good condition as possible and the paraders suffered few of the discomforts usually accompanying events of the kind at this season of the year.

The Portsmouth Hibernians, 200 strong, arrived shortly after noon, accompanied by many of the people of Irish birth or extraction from that city. The Seaport City company was assigned to a place in the second division and there was no finer looking body of men in the parade than that led by President Miskell and the Dover band.

The streets through which the procession moved were masses of green. Every business house and the majority of the dwellings were appropriately decorated and the banner of Erin was everywhere prominently displayed beside the Stars and Stripes, proving that the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle, although affectionately remembering the land which gave them or their fathers birth, are loyal citizens of the country of their adoption.

Gen. William Sullivan of the New Hampshire National Guard, a man who has seen active service in the army of the United States, was grand marshal of the parade. He had a staff of sixty mounted men, all of whom wore the regulation dress suits and high hats. His chief of staff was William F. Harrington, treasurer, of



the Portsmouth Brewing Company.

In command of the first division was Maj. M. J. Healy, N. H. N. G., and behind him marched former officers of the state militia, military companies and the brilliantly uniformed Knights of St. John.

Col. P. H. O'Malley commanded the second division, Allie Cavanaugh the third, John J. O'Donnell of Lowell, Mass., the fourth and Leonard J. Farrell the fifth.

The emblematic floats were very handsome. The float of the Sheridan Guards of Manchester typified "Erin's Gift to Columbia" and allegorically depicted the gallant part played in American wars by the Irish settlers. Miss Catherine Costello personified Erin.

The Emmett guards of Manchester had a float representing the grave of that great Irish patriot and martyr, Robert Emmett.

The St. Paul's C. T. A. and M. D. Society had an Irish jaunting car and a float in the shape of an immense boat was filled with beautifully attired ladies, members of the society's auxiliary.

The Nashua division of Hibernians proudly displayed a pike carried by an Irish patriot in 1793.

There were nearly 500 children, pupils of the Manchester parochial schools, in the parade and the students of St. Anselm's College marched in a body. They had been drilled by Col. O'Malley and marched like young soldiers. They were headed by a cavalry troop of boys, mounted on ponies, commanded by Allie Cavanaugh.

At Charity Square, Hanover street, the paraders passed in review before Gov. Charles M. Floyd and the members of his staff and Mayor Eugene E. Reed, the members of the board of aldermen and other city officials.

From the main entrance of the cathedral, Bishop George Albert Guerlin of the diocese of Manchester reviewed the parade as it passed up Pine street.

The Hibernian divisions of Portsmouth, Manchester, Dover, Concord, Keene, Nashua, Somersworth, Salmon Falls, Rochester, Laconia, Milford, Wilton, North Walpole and Lowell, Mass., joined in the parade. In addition, the members of St. Joseph's Commandery, Knights of St. John, and of Manchester Council, Knights of Columbus, were in line.

Everywhere along the line of march the sidewalks were crowded and spectators seized every point of vantage. It was a parade that Manchester will long remember and one that in attractiveness excelled any previous St. Patrick's day parade in this state. It will be hard, indeed, to equal it in future celebrations.

The members of the Portsmouth division left on their special train early in the evening, accompanied by their band and the other visitors from that city.

#### For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winklow's Sooty-Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the gums, kills all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Guaranteed under the food and drugs act, June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1023.

#### SENT TO EPPING

The wrecking train and crew from this city were sent to Epping today (Monday) to place a pair of wheels under a damaged car at that station.

#### BLUEBIRDS IN RYE

A Rye correspondent assures us that bluebirds were seen at Rye Center this (Monday) morning, not blue jays, but real bluebirds.

## NEWS FOR SPORTLOVERS

Cambridge defeated Oxford on Saturday in the great English university boat race by four lengths and a half. The Cambridge crew was practically the same in personnel as that which defeated Harvard.

Concord, West Manchester, East Manchester, Nashua, Laconia and Franklin seem to be practically settled upon as the places to be given teams in the New Hampshire Baseball League.

The Newport basketball team defeated Keene on Saturday evening, twenty-five to thirteen. Sheridan and Mathieu played with Keene.

The Portsmouth bowling team has twice been beaten by Dover, but by margins so narrow that the upriver team can claim little superiority.

If Dartmouth doesn't have a fast baseball team this year the Hanover boys will be keenly disappointed. There is certainly a wealth of material.

It looks as if Freddy Parent will have to go rapidly to hold his place with the Boston Americans against young Wagner.

Ralph Glaze, the old Dartmouth star, looks good to the baseball writers with the Boston Americans.

Williams and Yale will not play for the intercollegiate basketball championship, but the general opinion is that Williams could easily beat the New Haven team.

Boston baseball fans are confident that their American League team will finish better than last this year.

Walter Lillard should make a good coach for the Phillips Andover Academy football team. They like Dartmouth coaching at Andover and with good reason.

There is much good athletic material in the local Young Men's Christian Association and with another year's training the boys should be able to give a good account of themselves.

The altar boys of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, who organized a basketball team some time ago, are much disappointed that they have heard nothing from other teams of their own age.

Will the marines at the navy yard have a baseball team this year? There are said to be some good players among the new men and Uncle Sam's boys should certainly make a bid for diamond honors.

The men of the Franklin Pierce Veteran Firemen's Association are planning for an active summer. They propose to contest for prizes with their handbats at Gloucester, Rochester and other places and they feel confident that their machine will show up well in the playouts.

#### ANOTHER TRAIN

It is said that with the coming of the summer schedule an additional train will be put on between Boston and Alton Bay, running express, to be known as the boat train, and is expected to shorten the running time between Boston and the lake about one hour.

## ANNUAL RECEPTION

### Miss Gladys Seavey Gives Reception And Dance To Her Pupils

The annual reception and dance of the pupils of Miss Gladys Seavey dancing school was held at Peirce Hall on Saturday afternoon, and it was a pretty affair. The galleries were well filled with parents and friends of the pupils and there were ninety children on the floor.

Miss Seavey, who was gowned in pink silk, was unassisted in receiving the children. Following the reception, the general dancing began with a two-step. There were two fancy dances, the sailors' hornpipe gracefully done by little Misses Margaret Brownell and Roberta Pickering, and a serpentine dance by Elizabeth Perkins of Rye.

At intermission ices and cake were served by Mrs. William H. Parker and Miss Helen Loughton. Miss Jessie Woods presided at the piano and she was assisted by Mr. Dowd on the violin.

During the afternoon Miss Seavey was presented with a handsome bouquet of roses by Miss Doris Kershaw.

### CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION NOTES

Yesterday was Passion Sunday.

There was no session of Sunday school yesterday.

Next Sunday will be Palm Sunday and the palms will be blessed and distributed at the high mass at 10.30 a. m.

The regular Lenten services this week will be held on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

In connection with vespers on Sunday evening, there was a very impressive service, the reception of twenty-five young ladies into the Sodality. There was a large attendance to witness the ceremony and special music was rendered for the occasion.

A very interesting letter from the administrator of the diocese and acting pastor of this parish, Rt. Rev. Mgr. B. M. O'Callaghan, was read at the masses on Sunday, in which were contained words of praise for the generous response made by the parishioners at the last reunion. There were also deserved compliments to the pastor in charge for his indefatigable work in connection with the whole affair, the success of which, both from a social and a financial standpoint, was just cause for pride on the part of any pastor or parish.

#### Cheap Shoe Shines.

The central shoeblackening institute in Berlin undertakes to clean boots and shoes for its clients as often as required between 6 a. m. and 9 p. m. for payments at the rate of 60 cents a month for men and 60 cents for women. Half rates are given when several members of one family subscribe.

#### Became National Industry.

In 1856, Miss Phelps, a philanthropic Englishwoman, introduced embroidery among the women of Madeira, as an employment which does not conflict with domestic duties. To-day about 50,000 women are regularly employed in this work. Their wages vary from 10 to 50 cents a day.

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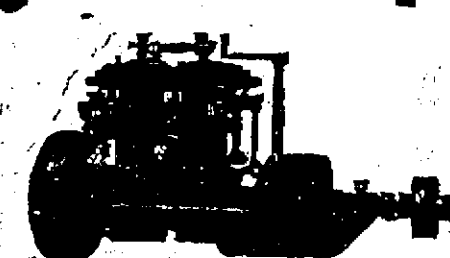
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It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century—a scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, uric acid, catarrh of the bladder and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

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## CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Name of the hat you wore? I do not know it.

"That was a dainty dream, I do confess I only saw the face, the face below it."

"The face and eyes attract with tenderness. Chrysanthemums, I think, your affections holding."

"And one fair hand did press them to your breast."

"Oh, lucky blooms, to know such sweet and holding."

"Oh, lucky blooms, with such a place to test."

I knew you not—perhaps may never know you."

"I only know I saw you—see you yet—I only had the time a glance to throw you."

"Yet all through the I know I'll not forget. I'll hedge a garden round with dainty white blossoms."

And cultivate therein these wondrous blooms. Like these you here, and offer the low white pickers."

They've small nod their captivating plumes."

And you perhaps some day will lap to spy them."

And pause to look them over, passing by. And should I see you when you stop to eye them."

And, when you pause, if I can catch your eye."

I'll make it known they're yours, each blooming treasure."

I'll give them you if you will hold them dear!"

Lord love you, dear, if it would give you pleasure."

I'd grab my hat and quit this mundane sphere!"

J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

## POLLY AND MAN

By HELEN ROWLAND

"DID IT ever occur to you," said Polly regarding me from the divan

"that you cannot catch a cat—or a man either—by running after him?"

I stood in the middle of Polly's den nursing a scratched finger. Under the

divan crouched the big, gray Maltese glaring at me vindictively and glorying in the perfect consciousness that he

had just slipped through my fingers dodged between my legs and left me

bleeding with resentment.

"I thought," I remarked, slowly binding up the wound with my handkerchief

"that in this strenuous age it was the only way."

"Only—what?" Polly held the soft pillow she had been about to tuck under

her head poised in mid-air.

Polly dropped the pillow and sat up perfectly straight.

"Could what, Mr. Heavyfeather?" she inquired lolly.

"Catch a cat—or—er." I hesitated.

"Well?" It was like the gentle, immutable falling of the thermometer.

"Or—er," I began weakly.

"Go on!" said Polly.

"Or a car," I finished adroitly.

"Oh!" Polly picked up the scarlet soft pillow and settled herself back in its folds like the heart of a rose in its petals.

"I thought you were going to say 'a man,'" she said sweetly. "As a matter of fact," she went on, "to want to be chased and caught is a purely feminine desire. Now, Tom," indicating the cat with a nod of her head, "is entirely masculine."

"His claws," I remarked, rubbing the back of my hand, "are feminine. The hind they use at the women's clubs, you know."

"Feminine claws," said Polly, "generally scratch you in the back. Tom, on the other hand, always strikes right at your face. Besides, his brutality in wounding the hand that attempts to caress him is exactly like a man's. The girl who is a little too fond, or a little too tender, or a little too cordial, is the one who always falls on the man first and receives the rudest scolds. The wife who is too caressing cheapens her caresses and is the first one to find herself neglected. To chase a man is to frighten him, as you frighten the cat, and to send him running to the uttermost parts of the earth, as Tom runs to the uttermost parts of the backyard when he is bored with our attentions. If a cat or a man wishes to know you, he will make his own advances. He doesn't need encouragement. It is his prerogative to seek the introduction, not yours. Personally you have completely lost your prestige with Tom," and Polly sent a worsted ball rolling toward the Maltese, who sat quietly cleaning his paws on a rug in front of the fireplace.

"I wish," I said, wistfully, "that I had a bone to fling at him."

"What for?" said Polly.

"Because," I said, moodily, "if he is like a man, the way to his heart must be through his stomach."

"Pooh!" said Polly. "That is an old fallacy. Did any girl ever fascinate you by inviting you to pink teas or mulling you wench rabbits? You can get a good cook for four dollars a week, and Tom can get all the bones he wants right out in the kitchen," and Polly picked up an end of the string from the worsted ball and began pulling it gently toward her. "Besides," she went on, "flinging a bone at a cat is like flinging a girl at a man. It doesn't fascinate him. It frightens him. Tom will dodge a bone just as you dodged the Auburn-haired Downing girl."

"I didn't," said I.

"You liked her until she began making you sofa pillows," asserted Polly.

"I like her now," I declared.

"You used to call her every night until you found that she was always waiting for you in the drawing-room."

"I would call there every night now (Polly looked up quickly) if I hadn't met—"

"And you thought you were going to marry her," went on Polly, "until you discovered that she thought so, too."

"I would—" I began.

Polly almost jerked the ball of worsted from under the nose of the cat.

"I would like to know what you are pulling that string for."

Polly had recovered her equanimity, and was slowly winding the ball of worsted toward her. The cat was watching it, coyly, but fascinated.

"He won't run after it," said Polly, "if it is too easy to reach."

"Oh, I see," I remarked. "He feels about it as a fellow does when he knows a girl is sitting up in the drawing-room waiting for him."

"Yes, or when she visits his sister, or drops in at his office for a chat, or asks him to go driving in her trap, or makes sofa pillows, or—"

"Or, in fact, baits her hook and doesn't hide it."

"Exactly," said Polly, "that's why I often do this."

"Do what?"

"Draw the string the other way," said Polly, as she watched the cat chasing the bright-colored worsted ball. "Perhaps you have noticed it."

"I haven't," I observed, coldly.

"And yet," said Polly, gazing dreamily at the cat, "you have been whole hours and hours getting a kiss, and whole weeks waiting to know whether or not I was going to accept your invitation, and a whole year doubting—"

"And all the time, Polly Lee," said I, putting down my cigarette and gazing at her reproachfully, "you had your mind made up!"

"Yes," said Polly, smiling at the excited cat through half-closed lids, "but a lady's favors are like the worsted ball—only valuable when hard to get."

"Nonsense!" said I. "I once knew a girl who hid her light under a bushel, and now she's 49, and is still paying her own gas bill!"

Polly looked at me through drooping lashes.

"I didn't hide the worsted ball under the sofa pillow," she said, softly. "It isn't necessary to wear brown crash skirts instead of chiffon ruffles, nor common-sense heels instead of French ones, nor to forget to curl your hair or powder your nose in order to prove your indifference to a man. It isn't the kind of indifference that makes a woman yawn in a man's face that fascinates him, but the kind which takes her out occasionally on the evenings when she knows he will call; the kind that is born of an interest in something or somebody else beside the man; the kind that never discourages him, but always keeps him doubting; the kind that the fisherman practices when he baits his hook and then lets the line hang limply and apparently unnoticed at his side; the kind—"

"Look out, Polly!" I exclaimed, as the playful kitten crouched for a spring.

"I was perfectly prepared," said she, as he landed full tilt in the very midst of a sea of chiffon ruffles. "Dear old fellow! How he loves ruffles!"

"That's masculine, at any rate," said I.

"And sugar," said Polly, picking a violet bonbon out of the box I had brought, and feeding it to the brute.

"Maybe he'd like a green one, too," said I, fishing out a pistachio cream.

"No, no!" cried Polly. "Not any more. He has had quite enough."

"Why?" said I. "He's got nine lives."

"But only one stomach," said Polly. "Besides, like everything else masculine, he is more difficult to hold than to catch. Now, if I should feed him too much sugar—"

"Or rub his fur the wrong way," I broke in.

"Or hold him too tight."

"Or nag him."

"Why, he'd simply go scudding off upstairs to Aunt Agatha."

"As a fellow goes scudding off to more attractive ruffles," I agreed.

"Naughty Tommy," said Polly, shaking her finger at the cat, who was sniffing wistfully at the candy box, "why won't you be satisfied? One is enough for you."

"One would be enough for me," I said, softly getting up from the armchair and going over to the divan; "just one."

"Sh!" said Polly. "Go away. You're frightening him."

"And I wouldn't beg for any more," I pleaded, sitting down as near Polly as the cat would permit me.

"Don't!" exclaimed Polly. "You mustn't."

I reached over and smoothed the cat. "Never mind, old fellow," said I, "she's only pulling the ball of worsted away from us."

"Mr. Heavyfeather!"

"And she'll give us both the sugar—after awhile."

"Mr. Heavyfeather, will you kindly go away while I have this cat in my lap?"

"And if I do," said I, "when he gets tired of you, can I—"

"Yes," said Polly. "Now go!"

"M-e-o-w!" yelled the cat, springing to the floor.

I caught Polly and the scarlet pillow in a bundle.

"But," said Polly, five minutes later, as she straightened out the sofa pillow and smoothed the crumpled chiffon ruffles, "I would like to know what made that grateful cat run away."

"Perhaps," said I, reaching for my hat, "you gave him too much sugar."

"What? One lump?" said Polly, absently.

"Or perhaps you rubbed his fur the wrong way."

"Never!" said Polly, with perfect assurance.

"Then perhaps," said I, opening the front door and stepping out upon the piazza, "I pulled his tail."—Washington Post.

**Fate of a Princess.**

Princess Clementine is a collector of picture postcards, and during her various journeys with her father, King Leopold, she has pursued her hobby with such energy and diligence that the possession of one of the best collections of the kind in Europe. Her royal highness now proposes to collect postage stamps, and it is reported that she has commissioned a Belgian courier, who is an expert philatelist to purchase for her the best collection that can be had for money.

**Had Trouble All Night.**

Money is the greatest trouble a man has when he hasn't any.—Chicago Daily News.

## THE HEART OF A CRIMINAL

By CHARLES M. SKINNER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The convict was young, shabby, smooth-faced, and the mark of the tenement was upon him. Warden Nickerson threw over the prisoner the authoritative look of the practiced reader of human nature. It was not a look of severity, but was sharp and searching.

"This is Crimmins?" asked the warden. "Sit down, Crimmins."

The prisoner glanced at the warden in surprise, but he obeyed.

"So this is your third term?"

"Yes."

"Bad! Still we hope it will be the last one. Let me see, were you ever up for burglary?"

"No, sir. I never did any stealing."

And there was a flash in the eye again.

"It was a stabbing scrape, wasn't it?"

"I cut Casey in self-defense, so help me. A man don't get no show when he's done time once. Them police knows it, and they're always laying for him, and you can't do nothing when you ain't got money to buy 'em off. This with heat and scorn."

"But you didn't have to quarrel with Casey in the first place, I imagine."

Crimmins was silent again. He seemed to settle back into a kind of spiritual repose.

"What did you work at in Trenton?"

"I done stone cutting most of the time."

"Did you like it?"

"I'd never do it again."

"Oh, come. You'd have to do it if we insisted, you know. There's only one boss here—not a thousand. We couldn't keep house here at all with a thousand bosses. You know you will have to work. You'll be healthier and happier for it."

"Happier?"

"Yes, happier. And when you go out you'll have a trade."

"I expect to work, but I don't want no more stone cutting."

"What do you want to do?"

"I got a kid brother that's learning electricity. I'd like to know something about that, I guess."

"That's a good thing to know about, too. Now, see here, Crimmins. They tell me you've been disobedient in Trenton. Don't be that here. Suppose you try to look at it in another way—a way you may not have thought about before. Suppose you say to yourself, I'm here because I haven't learned to watch myself, as other folks do, so this is a good place to learn. I came up in a tough part of a tough town, and toughness doesn't pay. It keeps a man in trouble. I didn't have schooling enough when I was a kid, but I'm not too old to learn. I'm going to school here, and I'm going to get into the habit of working, and when people do their best for me, I'm not going to do my worst for them. For you wouldn't do that, anyway, Crimmins."

"Sure not. Nobody would."

"Ah, you don't know everybody. You want to be an electrician," he continued. "Well, we need a man of that sort; but you will have to begin at the beginning and learn to run an engine, and before you run an engine you will have to understand fires and boilers. So I am going to have you for a fireman, at first. It will be hard work, but remember, you will be learning all the time. And from the minute you begin, just keep in mind where you are going to land."

"Yes, sir," answered Crimmins, in a dazed manner.

"You know we have a library here, and you can draw any book you like. You can read every night till ten. If there's anything that wants explanation just ask me or the librarian."

Crimmins again stared out of the window, but the hard light was not in his eyes now.

"Before you came here, they said you would do me. Now, I don't ask whether you said so or not, but if you did, forget it. If I were to be put out of the way, somebody else would be put into my place, and he might be a harder master than I am. I have no ill will. I should feel bitter myself if I were sent here. But it would be foolish in you to want to hurt anybody in this prison. It wouldn't shorten your term one day, would it? I'm not your jury or your judge. You have three years. That means only about two and a half, with good conduct, and we are going to have a probation law that will give me power to release you earlier."

"Thank you, sir."

"It's all right, my boy."

"Nobody ever spoke like this to me before, sir."

There was a little shake in the tone, and there was shyness in the round eyes.

"Poor devil!" muttered the warden, as Crimmins passed out at the door in a keeper's charge, to become for a time thenceforth, No. 718, and a coal shoveler.

Meanwhile he attended the night class, reviewed his school studies, and got beyond them. He took a course in drawing, and began to apply his knowledge.

One evening, as the convicts were returning to their cells from the shop, a heavy ball dropped from an upper gallery almost on the head of the most

harsh and hated keeper, who was

watching the fall of the procession in the corridor below. The spike, which weighed half a pound, broke the visor of his cap and fell with a clang to the floor.

The warden arrived presently, and as soon as the men were locked in for the night, and the count had been made, he mounted to the upper tier and questioned the prisoners as to the dropping or throwing of the spike. Some of them appeared absolutely ignorant of the occurrence; some had heard the clink of the iron against the flagstones; none admitted that they saw the missile thrown.

The warden arrived at the door of Crimmins' cell.

"Do you know anything about this: Crimmins?" he asked.

The convict looked steadily at him, but was silent.

"See here, my lad. You didn't throw that piece of iron?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know who did?"

Crimmins was silent again.

"This isn't what I thought of you if you didn't throw that you must tell me who did. If Quigley had been struck on the head with that spike it might have killed him."

Still the prisoner kept silent.

"Answer me."

"I have nothing to say, sir."

"Then you'll have to take the consequences. You are not going to compel me to chain you to the door?"

The young man turned his head and gazed at the wall of his cell.

"I don't want to punish you any more, Crimmins, but it rests with you whether you will be a good inmate or a bad one."

Crimmins was obdurate. The warden sighed heavily, and left the gallery. In a few moments Crimmins was standing at his cell door, his hands thrust between the bars and fastened together outside with handcuffs. He submitted quietly to this operation. In this fix, one can merely shift his weight from one foot to the other, but cannot sit or change position. It is an awful monotony; an awful strain. Crimmins never spoke; never groaned.

The next morning he was asked if he would talk, but he only shook his head.

Warden Nickerson realized that while he might prolong this punishment till he killed or crazed the convict if he wished, nothing would come of it, and that the best thing to do would be to start the fellow on new work and forget what happened. So Danny was sent down to the bottom grade and made to work his way to a good position, later.

They were repairing the roof of the main building one afternoon, and the plumbers had left their little furnaces burning in the wind. Sparks fell out, and in a few minutes there was a blaze.

As soon as the fire on the roof was discovered, ladders were lifted into position to give access to one of the skylights, these ladders resting, none too securely, on







## THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC  
MARCH 18.

RUN RISES ..... 5:52 | MOON SETS, 10:35 P. M.  
SUN SETS ..... 6:53 | FULL MOON, 12:15 P. M.  
LENGTH OF DAY, 12 01 | FULL MOON, 12:15 P. M.

First Quarter, March 21st, 8h. 10m., evening, W.  
Full Moon, March 25th, 2h. 44m., evening, E.  
Last Quarter, April 5th, 10h. 30m., morning, W.  
New Moon, April 12th, 2h. 6m., evening, W.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,  
Treasurer.

## THE TEMPERATURE

THE HERALD'S thermometer registered forty degrees above zero at two o'clock this afternoon

## CITY BRIEFS

More like Spring every day.

This is the twelfth legislative week.

This week will mark the end of Winter.

Horses are still wanted for the fire department.

Daniel street, the full length, is certainly a sight.

The marine guard at the navy yard is in need of more men.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

There are now over 250 men employed at the paper plant.

The forge company has stopped the admittance of visitors to the plant.

The forge company is preparing for the installation of its big hammers.

The moon will reach its first quarter on March 21 and will be full on March 29.

Cannot somebody work the government for an elevator in the custom house?

The paper company is sending a lot of iron work to the northern part of the state.

Newburyport is talking of blowing the fire alarm whistle in that city by compressed air.

The street department should see that the dumping of ashes in the streets is stopped.

Illness of officers has made the police force short handed during a good part of the Winter.

Portsmouth is to be one of the fortunate cities which will see "Coming thro' the Rye" again.

The voters of Exeter object to permanent no-license in that town by legislative enactment.

For the first time in years, there was this year no formal celebration of St. Patrick's day in this city.

Portsmouth has a good representation among the employees of the General Electric Works in Lynn, Mass.

The Washington Guards of Fitchburg defeated the Braintree basketball team Saturday night, 47 to 10.

Some horses are having hard luck getting over the Vaughan street crossing. Two feel there last week.

The small boy is having the time of his life with the water in the gutters, and dams are plentiful about the city.

There is a report that several of the smaller ships of the navy are soon to be sent to Portsmouth for repairs.

Railroad traffic has increased considerably since the new rates on the Boston and Maine system went into effect.

Two young lads had a lively scrap on Congress street Sunday, but they broke away and skipped when they heard that the police were coming.

The Captain Nickerson Fund is growing, but there is still chance for a little charity on Portsmouth's part. The Boston fund amounts to nearly \$400.

The pool tournament at the Portsmouth Athletic Club will be decided Tuesday evening when Charles Dondero and John Mitchell play the final game.

The girls' basketball team of Portsmouth High School has earned the championship of the district controlled by the Southeastern New Hampshire Interscholastic League.

All but one of the local bills introduced in the Legislature has been disposed of, the single exception being that providing for the making of the arsenal at the South End into an armory.

Several members of the Country Club visited the club house on Sunday. This has been the only winter since the club was organized that there was not some chance to play golf from Thanksgiving until the present time.

## DECIDED IMPROVEMENTS

## Made in The Fittings Of The Kittery Postoffice

The postoffice at Kittery has been thoroughly overhauled, repaired and changed by the trustees of the R. W. Traip Academy, who control the building, to meet the requirements of the postoffice department.

The office is now one of the finest in the state. The walls and ceiling are covered with steel, handsomely painted.

The boxes, furniture, etc., were made at the factory of former Governor McLane of New Hampshire and installed by his workmen and are of the latest improved type.

A new safe has been installed, also modern plumbing, etc.

The citizens have reason to be proud of their new office.

## HIGHLY COMPLIMENTED

## Portsmouth Hibernians Were Warmly Praised at Manchester

Many words of praise have been heard of the fine appearance of the Portsmouth delegation in the Hibernian parade in Manchester on Saturday and it is said that without doubt the men from this city had no equals among the thousands who passed along the route.

Everywhere they came in for applause and the papers of that city classed them as "fine, big, husky, strapping fellows."

A prize of \$50 was given to the best looking division from Lowell and had it been allowed the best division of the entire procession the Portsmouth men would have brought home the prize.

## ALL WILL JOIN

## Four Patriotic Societies to Have a Camp Fire

The members of Storer Post, Grand Army, Storer Relief Corps, the Spanish War Veterans and the Sons of Veterans are to join in a camp fire on Thursday evening.

The division officers of the Sons of Veterans will be present and an entertainment and lunch will be part of the program.

## AT THE NAVY YARD

Work has already been started on the coiler Leonidas and repairs on her engines and boilers are in the hands of a ship force from the steam engineering department.

There is some talk of placing the coiler Leonidas out of commission. An inspector from Washington looked over the ship today (Monday) and will report on the matter as soon as possible.

Frank N. Cousins, machinist in the construction and repair department, returned to duty today (Monday) after an illness of several weeks. He received a warm welcome from his shipmates, who were decidedly pleased to see him back at the machine.

A court-martial case was up for a hearing today.

Seaman T. M. O'Donnell of the tug Nezahscot performed a rather remarkable feat today (Monday) when he climbed to the topmast of the flag pole on the yard lawn and arranged new bairds for the ensign. The pole is painted, which made the work of climbing exceedingly hard. His movements aloft were watched by a number of people on or near the yard.

The Leonidas is tied up near the coaling plant.

Ferry steamer, No. 132, got its bumps from the floating ice in the river today.

The boiler shop dramatic club has been requested to put on the comedy drama, "Winged," at Ogunquit, but owing to the illness of some of the leading characters they find it impossible to produce the play.

M. J. Dyer of the tug Nezahscot attended the A. O. U. celebration in Manchester on Saturday.

## PLAY AWAY, FOUR

The Moses H. Goodrich Steam Fire Engine Company, No. 1, will get together tonight and enjoy a genuine turkey supper and "fixings" at the banquet hall on Hanover street.

## JOHN SAYS IT WAS GRAND

John H. Dowd of the New Hampshire Democratic state committee was one of the guests at the Bryan

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PIANO

Slightly used, in perfect condition, latest model, dark Mahogany case, in every respect as good as if just from Factory. This Piano will be sold at a bargain; price and terms on application.

H. P. Montgomery's,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

banquet held at the Quincy House, Boston, on Friday evening last. John says the spread was more than elaborate and that the representative Democrats present were pleasing features.

## OBITUARY

## Thomas P. Salter.

The death of Mr. Thomas P. Salter occurred very suddenly on Saturday afternoon with no recent warning through ill health. He was a member of an old Portsmouth family, the son of the late Henry Perkins and Mary Christie Salter. Out of several children he is survived only by his sister, Mrs. Edwin Putnam.

In early manhood Mr. Salter went to New York where he conducted a successful business as a member of the shipping house of Salter & Livermore. Retiring therefrom he continued to lead a life of varied interests in New York, being for many years a member of the Union League Club and of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

About ten years ago he returned to Portsmouth and took up his permanent residence in the town of his birth.

Mr. Salter was greatly attached to Portsmouth and to his friends here. He lived a quiet life, making himself useful in inconspicuous ways, giving generously and wisely and fulfilling admirably the duties of a private citizen. To whatever he undertook he gave undivided attention and the most painstaking care. In his opinion whatever was worth doing at all, was worth doing well, and he devoted himself to it without economy of time or energy. He was the soul of truthfulness, uprightness and honor. Nothing less than the strictest integrity satisfied him, whether in himself or in others. He valued religion and availed himself of its privileges. The South Church knew no more constant attendant at its services than he, and he gave his time and thought unreservedly to the conduct of its affairs. In Mr. Salter's death his town has lost a good citizen, his church a devoted member, and many an excellent cause counts one less among its supporters and friends.

## OBSEQUES

The funeral of Henry A. Weston, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Weston, was held from the home on Cottage street at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Rev. C. LeV. Brine officiating. Interment was in Harmony Grove cemetery, Undertaker H. W. Nickerson in charge.

The funeral of William L. McGregor of Rye was held, from 43 Court street, this city, at half-past two o'clock this (Monday) afternoon. Rev. George E. Leighton was the officiating clergyman. Burial was in Sagamore cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker Nickerson.

## CHRIS BACK IN TOWN FOR A SHORT STAY

Christopher Pernet Gilligan, for many years the king of stevedores at the North End, is passing a few days in town. Chris is now located in Lowell, Mass., and though there is plenty doing in the Spindle City, he says Portsmouth is good enough for the best of him. He got his eye on the Portsmouth boys in the parade at Manchester on Saturday and he felt so inspired that he had to come back with them and look the old place over. He received quite an ovation from the Hay Seals Club and the Longshoremen's Union.

## WHO WANTS SOME JUNK AND WOOD?

The navy department has ordered proposals sent out for the sale of the old wooden dry dock. It will be sold to the highest bidder on April 15.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetite, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Food Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

## PERSONALS

Henri L. Bates of Boston is in this city on business.

Harold Parker is at home from Dartmouth for a few days.

Mrs. Ralph Kendall of Portland, passed Saturday with friends in this city.

John O'Connor of New Hampshire College passed Sunday at his home in this city.

Mr. H. H. Brackett passed Sunday visiting friends in Haverhill and Lawrence.

L. W. Brewster will attend the regular meeting of the Suburban Press Association.

Miss Alice Fagan of Miller avenue is passing a few days with relatives in Newfields.

Misses Margaret V. Rossiter and Margaret V. Casey of Dover passed Sunday in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. McEvoy of Gates street passed Saturday with relatives in Manchester.

Crosby Young of Cambridge, Mass., passed Saturday and Sunday with relatives in this city.

President D. H. Belden of the New Hampshire Traction Company was here Sunday on business.

Miss Annie Clare of Lynn, Mass., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Quinn of Columbia street.

Miss Florence B. Hill, who has been visiting her parents in this city, returned to Plymouth today.

Police Officer Frank Shannon who has been off duty with sickness, returned to duty on Sunday night.

Miss Alice Cheverie, who has been passing two weeks in Hyde Park and Charlestown, returned home Sunday evening.

Thomas Watkins, flagman at the Bartlett street crossing, is restricted to his home by a severe attack of rheumatism.

Rev. Fr. Williams a member of the Benedictine order, assisted in the Sunday service at the church of the Immaculate Conception.

A picture of Miss Edna Hudson, formerly of this city, now of Boston, received honorable mention in the Boston Herald beauty show.

John Kirvan of the General Electric Company, Lynn, Mass., passed Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Kirvan of Bartlett street.

Ellsworth Pierce has returned to his duties as gateman at the Market street crossing, after an absence of several weeks because of illness.

William A. Partington, President of the Black State Company of Northfield, Vt., and Boston, passed Sunday with his family on State street.

Thomas Meehan, inspector for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company at Salem, Mass., passed Sunday at his home in this city.

Fred A. Law, assistant superintendent of the Columbia Automobile Works at Hartford, Conn., is the guest of his uncle, Conductor George Law of Deer street.

James H. Dow, who for many years held a position at the store of the George B. French Company, has resigned and will, it is understood, enjoy a needed rest.

Albert Muchmore, for several years employed by the firm of Gray and Prime, has taken a position in the trucking department of the Frank Jones Brewing Company.

Sydney Frost of this city, lately appointed fireman on the Boston and Maine railroad, has been transferred from a shifter at the Union station, Boston, to a switcher in the yard here.

## ATTENDED SERVICES

Several members of the "Isle of Spice" company attended services at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Sunday. The company left for Nashua on the 8.30 morning train today.

## VITAL STATISTICS

## And School Census For Eliot For The Year 1906

The vital statistics of Eliot for 1906 show five marriages, six less than in 1905, thirty-seventh births against twenty-four for 1905 and twenty-four deaths, two more than last year.

The age of the oldest person who died was eighty-five years and two months, that of the youngest two months. Fifteen of those who died were females and eight were males.

There were six burials of people who died out of town.

The whole number of pupils enrolled in the public schools of the town for the Spring term of 1906 was 264. Of this number, twenty-five were in the High School and eighty-nine in the two schools in district No. 7, leaving 150 distributed among the other schools.

## PLAY BALL

## First Club of the Season Organizes at the North End

The first baseball club to organize for the season is the North End Stars, the members of which got together last week and picked out a team.

The club has some fast men and the boys say that the left handed slab artist they have secured from the northern part of the state will produce curves that up to this season have been unknown to the game of baseball.

## PROBABLY WON'T TRY AGAIN

A man carrying a large grip and a package made an attempt to get onto the 8.15 train for Boston this (Monday) morning, as it was passing the American Express office at the west end of the railroad station. He was not an expert in the art of catching a moving train and received a toss as he seized the hand irons in his attempt to get on. He returned to a hotel, pretty well frightened and with his clothing much soiled.

## WORK SOON TO BE STARTED

Work will soon be started on the plans laid out some time ago for a new draw for the Dover Point bridge. The work will be done by the railroad carpenters' crew stationed here, under the direction of Supervisor of Bridges A. B. Peble.

## IT'S A SHAME

It is evident that there are horses being worked about the city on some of the job teams that need the mercy of the N. H. S. P. C. A.

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THIS WEEK  
Garden Potomac Tea 45c. lb.  
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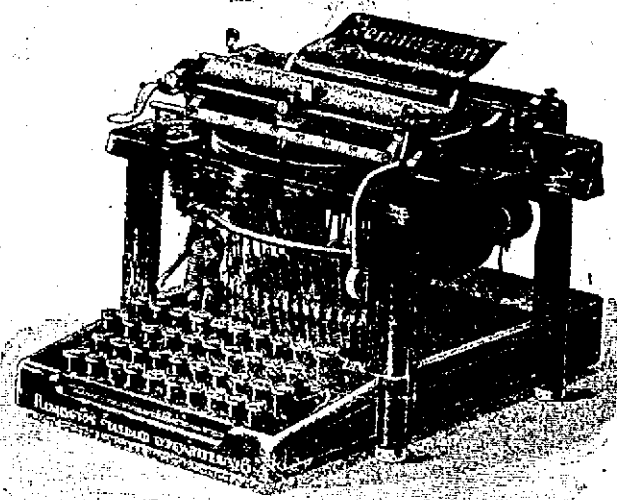
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Parts furnished for all makes. New and second hand sewing machines, bought, sold and rented.

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All kinds of edge tools sharpened.  
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25 TAPESTRY RUGS, 48 inches, at .....  
\$1.25.

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40 SMYRNA RUGS, 36 inches, at .....  
\$2.75.

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5 Rolls of COTTON CARPET at .....  
30c Per Yard.

8 Rolls of ALL WOOL CARPET at .....  
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500 Rolls of JAPANESE and CHINA MATTING, price.....  
9c to 60c.

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